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the Witch and the Boy



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Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

Being a witch was fun. Aside from the fact that everyone, their distant cousins and great-great grandmother, would have you burned at the stake if they knew who you really were.

Chapter 2 by Magnolia



But what's life without a little danger? And besides, everything comes with a price. And the price for my power is loneliness. I had come to grips with this fact, except one day I met this boy. There was something about him. Maybe it was his unwavering stare or knowing eyes, but I felt like I knew this kid. In all of my traveling, I had never met another like him.

He came to me one day and joined my adventures. He almost never spoke, but he never needed to. Everything he ever needed to say was spoken through his eyes. He didn't show any signs of holding power in regards to witchcraft, but he was very helpful in the art of potion making. He had a knack for picking the perfect polyjuice for any spell I could think of.

We didn't ask about each other's past, neither wanted to share. We had a mutual agreement spoken not though words, but through emotions. I grew very close to the child. I almost thought

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This relationship was born out of mutual agreement. We had a mutual agreement spoken not though words, but through emotions. I grew very close to the child. I almost thought

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Chapter 3 by Phantim



He killed all of them.

I remember staring at him, willing him to leave, not wanting him to see me die. It is not something for a child's eyes... I still could remember watching my own mother burn at the stake through the cracks in the wood of the barrel she had hidden me. This child though, was no helpless bystander. He looked up at me with his big green eyes, and then from his pocket he pulled out a large jar full of an orange liquid. It took me a second to realize what it was - but as soon as I did he pinched his nose and then threw the jar on the ground. Soon thick orange fog, a deadly miasma, was everywhere! People were coughing and choking and falling down on the ground. I held my breath as he climbed up the small pyre and untied my hands.

Together we ran. We left all those dying people behind. I wish I could have left the memory there too... I can barely stand to look at the boy who I once thought of as my son. It is a horrible way to repay him for saving my life. How do I explain it to him? I have always tried to do no harm... what dark secrets does his little mind hide? What happened to you, /little Armon/?

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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